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# Swimming in a sea of Stars



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## Chapter 1 by Constellitio

"Have you ever experienced such beauty?

The changing planets passing year after year. How rocks turn into worlds and how nebulae turn into stars turn into novas.

"I'm sure you haven't seen this, after all, I'm the only human to have strayed this far from home. So far that I don't even know where I am. I'm not even sure if I'm even in the solar system." A chuckle escaped from my mouth. I held the voice recorder in my mitten hands, bringing it to my helmet so it can pick up my voice more easily.

"I'm not sure where I am, how I've survived and I'm not sure how long I've been here. But how long does it take for someone to forget their name and birthday? Anyway, I miss home and I hope someone would be able to retrieve this. If it makes it easier, my space program number is-

I looked at the patch sewed onto the left arm of the astronaut suit and read aloud.

"-No.78253. I would send a picture if I can for 1. for its beauty and 2. for you to find me more easily. I hope you can find me. Over and out? See ya later? I forgot how to end these things." I chuckled a little more and pressed the square button on the side finishing the recording and

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I listened the tape and I could hear my own voice. I was so glad that I had recorded it. I turned around and went back to the closest bright star.

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Floating in the dark sea called space, I watched the recorder spin into the distance, shrinking, waving me goodbye.

As the recorder disappeared, I pondered what else I could do to increase my chances of being found, but I decided that all I could do now is wait.

## Chapter 2 by Forge.



The waiting is easier than I expected. I find myself immersed in the calming beauty. It is almost like another dimension of beauty that only I, alone, have seen. I wonder if this is the work of the hand of God.

The perception of time is gone. I don't know how long I have been here. It could be hours; it could be days. I don't know and I don't really care now.

Hallucinations may come. I fully expect them. I expect them to be pleasant as I drift through the beauty of space. I will try to hang on to reality as long as I can. If my mind starts to play tricks on me, I hope I will be aware of what they are and not surrender to them.

My eyes flutter open. I must have been sleeping. I wonder how long it has been. I wonder if time even exists here. As I wake up, I hear a faint voice. I know this isn't real, but it sounds real. It has that tinny sound that comes from a radio transmission. I cock my head and listen intently.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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